SPECTACLES.

No. V. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1807. Vol. I.

SPECTACLES.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 6, 1807.

*** IT is a pleasant quotation enough, and affords a good moral, Sir: "Banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff——banish plump Jack, and banish all the world"———

Now, Sir, I maintain it, every man has, more or less, a Jack Falstaff about him.

A kind of evil Cozener, as it were—a sort of passion which beguiles him of his time, his virtue, his money——"Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world"—

Thus does the Cozener plead for mercy——

Whatsoever the leading vice is, it will find as many excuses, as much pleasu.., and all Falstaff's droll quaintness to make itself agreeable to our senses——

Happy the man who, with the fortitude of Prince Henry, can shake the vile companion off——

It is not, Sir, I assure you, every one that can do it——

If any thing in the moral world can be compared with the character of old Jack Falstaff, it is *Indolence*——

Yes! I'll maintain it——

Indolence lies, cheats, and will commit a thousand vagaries to bewray us of our virtue——

Banish all your other evil companions, quoth Indolence, save only me——

But did not Falstaff rear Peto, Bardolph, and Poins——

So is Indolence the creator of all other vices——

It is a fact, that a man in this world ought always to have an object——If the mind is vacant of an object—(and it should be an honest one)——he is in a dangerous situation——

Many a youth has swung by the neck, or gone to an early grave, by not always having a laudable object in view, and steadily pursuing it——

When the mind is without one——then your Jack Falstaffs intrude themselves—the vile Passions which debase our nature; and some of them are so amusing that although we despise them, yet we are tickled and delighted with their contrivances to delude us——

They tell us laughter-moving tales—they swagger, they strut, they deal out stories of buckram encounters, inviting us all the time to foul pleasures—until they win and ruin us——

The best and most resolute of us all are led astray occasionally by Indolence, which hates Industry——

A Segar——

A game of billiards——

A glass of grog——

Indolence lurks in them all———

One puff more, and I'll to business, saith the smoker——

I'll just play this *rub* out and be off, quoth the billiard player——

One more glass, and I'm done for the day, says the guzzler——

It is not late, whispers Indolence——so take

Another whiff———

Another game———

Another glass———

Meanwhile the Sun journeys to the Chambers of the West; the shades of night descend upon one half the globe—*Business has been neglected*———

Take Time, I tell thee, gentle reader, by the forelock——keep before her——and do not let her drag thee at her tail—

If she once gets before thee, she will lead thee a wonderful chase——

You must fret, and fume, and blow, to get up with her——

Let not the old Jack Falstaffs, and Poins, and Bardolphs, of the times, induce thee to lag behind——

Drive on like Jehu——at your business, I mean: If you are a literary man, study; if you be a merchant, look to your customers, your day-book, and ledger; if a mechanic, jog away at your trade—and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Many a poor fellow has been ruined from *Idleness*——for Idleness engenders bad thoughts, and bad thoughts beget wicked deeds——I tell thee avoid the sluttish hussey, for she will lead thee a terrible life—she will starve wife and children, make thee lose friends—make thee drink grog——

No! by my soul, if thou pursuest the counsels of Idleness, thou wilt in a little time have no grog to drink——

Take all things in moderation—I advise not to a total abstinence from pleasure—*It* renovates a man and prepares him with renewed vigor to pursue his avocations—If taken in moderation——

But shut up all the avenues—all the little oylet-holes by which vice may steal in upon thee.

Let thy hand be cunning in its craft—thy heart open to charity—thy mind familiarized to a train of useful thoughts—thine eye keen to discern merit, and thy purse loosened to reward it.

Then thou mayest defy malice, laugh at poverty, sneer at pride, and turn deceit out of doors——

True to thyself, be honest to the world——and leave the rest to Providence.

Court End of the City, May 28th, 1807.

MR. SPECTACLES,

Sir; No man is a more sincere friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is in my opinion an excellent ingredient in conversation, and I am never displeased if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it; but in good truth I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends, than the spleen and malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the Ladies, as to be teazed and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason, but that I am what the world calls an *Old Bachelor*. The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion, that a Bachelor is not in fact a rational creature, at least that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a Bachelor may be beaten like a stock-fish, that you may thrust pins into his legs, and wring him by the nose, in short that you cannot take too many liberties with a Bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping Philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though at the same time, I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity. A friend of mine whom I frequently visit has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being, themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighborhood; so that if they happen at any time to be apprized of my coming (which I take all possible care to prevent) they immediately dispatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favor of their company to drink coffee and help to teaze Mr. Rusty. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a card, fastened across the bottom of the door-case, which, as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my knees, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking glass, or tossed from one to the other so dexterously and with such velocity, that after many fruitless attempts to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare-headed to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressing circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me and promised to restore my wig if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choaked and blinded with a cloud of *soot* that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig, but the father, who has a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on its being delivered up, and protested that he never knew the *Black Joke* performed better in his life. I am naturally a quiet, inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled, yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who one would think might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harrass and torment me; and it is not many nights since miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own my resentment of this injury was so strong that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted.—The satisfaction which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honor feels in finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him—my upper lip was transfixed with a large corking-pin, which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth, and I doubt not I shall carry the memorem labris notam, (the mark of this Judas kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me. These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily, but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himself at his friend's expence, I live in hourly apprehensions of more mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a shrove Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the first of April. No longer ago than the first of last April, which was the last of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies, obliged to pay the postage of ten packages by the post, containing nothing but old newspapers—but what vexed me the most, was the being sent fifty miles out of town on that day, by a counterfeit express from a dying relation. I could not help reflecting with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; and tho' knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse hair was strewed upon my sheets; like him, I was made to ride on an hard trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found at the end of my journey, that I had only been coursing my own shadow. As much a sufferer as I am by the behavior of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned who never made an offer, they are as much to blame for never having accepted one. If I am to be derided for never having married, who never attempted to make a conquest, they are more properly the objects of derision who are still unmarried after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected according to their own account, and they are eternally boasting of the havoc they formerly made among the beaux. Believe me, Mr. Spectacles, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle, the ladies whom I last mentioned will be so exasperated on reading it that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future, since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old age as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient however is left me, which if put in execution will effectually screen me from their resentment; I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fusty an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but that by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into a husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them that I am rendered so exceedingly tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease, and consequently that by marrying me, a woman will save herself all the trouble, which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even

n the very minute article of obedience. That so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied if she contents herself with contradicting me. That if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns. That if I approach her lips, when she is not in a kissing humor, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or if I take her by the hand in an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they certainly were intended by nature to fulfil. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button or mend an hole in my stocking without any assistance. I am, sir, your humble servant,

THEOPHILUS RUSTY.

The editor of the Spectacles *informs his patrons that he is something of a* reader; *and that, like a good student, he has been accustomed to keep a note-book, entering therein whatever has occurred to him as curious in the course of his literary pursuits. Willing that his subscribers should enjoy some of the fruits of his labor in that way, he presents them in the following paragraphs with a few biographical notices of men who flourished during the French revolution, of whom one still makes a brilliant figure on the political theatre of Europe; if he finds these are relished, he will present others—they may be considered as short touches, which let one into men's characters at once, without the trouble of reading much.*

The abbe Maury, who had acquired considerable preferment by the splendor of his clerical talent, possessed ready wit, and was indebted for his life to a joke. "*Eh! messieurs quand vous* M'AUREZ *a la lanterne y verrez-vous plus clair?*"

Malouet—devoted to royalty, possessed no small portion of abilities, which were in some measure rendered useless to a large assembly by weakness of voice.

Thouret—bred to the bar, contented himself with being clear, luminous and indefatigable.

Garat—distinguised himself by his writings and his love of liberty.

Rabaut—a protestant pastor of an unsullied character, a vigorous mind, and the historian of a revolution which he had so warmly espoused.

Gregoire—first a Parish Priest, and afterwards a Bishop, whose eloquence was devoted to the cause of mankind; a friend to toleration, he interposed in favour of the Jews of France, and the Negroes of the colonies.

Talleyrand—acquired less notice by his talents in the pulpit and tribune, than by his activity in committees, and by penning addresses to the nation.

Lally-Tolendal—possessed an admirable choice of words: Yet his writings were more persuasive than his speeches.

Barnave—was bold, daring, ambitious, and enterprising. He fell a martyr at the shrine of that beauty, which is supposed to have induced him to advocate the cause of royalty.

Mirabeau—was the first who recurred to the supporting of newspapers in order to acquire popularity, during the early part of the French revolution.

Lanjuinais—a deputy to the states-general, and President of the National Assembly, was the founder of the Breton club in 1789, afterwards better known by the title Jacobins, or "*Friends to the People.*"

Danton—first the associate, then the victim of Robespierre, of the same profession, was at once tall and athletic, his figure formed to inspire awe, a stentorian voice, and a bold and specious eloquence, well calculated to impose on the multitude. He instituted the Cordeliers, and became their founder and chief; open, daring, generous and unreserved, with some good qualities and many vices, he was consumed by ambition.

Marat—a native of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, the creature of Danton and Robespierre, who not unfrequently protected him from punishment, and directed both his pen and his vengeance. A dwarf in stature, with a head too large for his body, nature seems to have marked him at his birth with the seal of reprobation, to warn mankind to beware of him. After being veterinary surgeon in the stables of the Count d'Artois, he affected to instruct men, and actually became an author and legislator, but his ferocious opinions appeared to have been written with blood rather than ink.

Gensonne—was the rival as a rhetorician, and the friend in respect to political opinions to Vergineaux. His sentiments had great weight with his party.

Gaudette—was replete with animatio and talents, but never proved so successful as when he appealed to the passions. He was an enemy to tyranny of every kind; his youth alone prevented him from sitting in the constituting assembly.

Brissot—chairman of the diplomatic committee, a laborious rather than an eloquent man, was the son of an obscure plebeian, but bred to the bar. He was a republican: He lived and died in poverty, honest though impetuous. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile.

Dumourier—made minister for foreign affairs, had been a soldier of fortune; he was employed in 1757, as a commissary at war, in the army of M. d'Etrees, and procured a Cornetcy of horse, and was wounded at the battle of Emstetten. Being induced before the commencement of the revolution, partly by a restless disposition and partly by poverty, he became an adventurer, in which capacity he repaired to Italy, where, like the *Conditori* of a former century, he offered his sword and his services to any state or party that would employ him. These being rejected both by Paoli and the Genoese, who were then fighting for the possession of Corsica, he returned home and visited Spain and Portugal, the latter of which was secretly surveyed by him at the request of the French Ministry, with a view to a future invasion. Having been recalled and employed in the reduction of Corsica, with the rank of Colonel, he was sent to Poland, and assisted the combination of Bar; sometimes with his advice, and sometimes with his personal service. In consequence of a change in the ministry, he was seized and confined in the Bastile, and on the death of Louis XV. regained his freedom; he found means at length to be appointed first *commandant* of Cherburgh, then governor of Lower Normandy, and afterwards a major-general. At the beginning of the revolution he declared for the King, but on hearing of his flight, he determined to defend the Assembly to whose assistance he was then marching at the head of a large body of troops. He was bold, insatiable and ambitious, possessed genius, but was deficient in wisdom; even his integrity soon began to be suspected, and not without cause, as he deserted his army just after the battle of Nerwinden, and after attempting without effect to secure the military chest, he escaped with a few friends to Tournay. Had his plans succeeded he contemplated erecting a new dynasty or else reinstating the King in his former power.

FOR THE SPECTACLES.

Mr. HARMER,

If you intend to permit lovers to peep at one another through your ingenious Spectacles, you will please insert the following lines; they are designed for the edification of the poetical "Subscriber" *whose "first attempt" was published in your third number of the Spectacles.*

TO WILLIAM.

What kind of a compliment, ſir, do you ſee
In ſerving your 'prenticeſhip thus upon me.
Permit me to tell you, theſe ringlets of mine—
Theſe cheeks where the roſe-bud and lily combine—
Theſe eyes that beam rapture and kill with a glance—
Theſe ſweet ſmiling lips that reſtore from the trance—
Are themes far too great for your grov'ling muſe,
Are ſubjects a genius alone ought to chuſe.
You compare me to—*nothing*—indeed it was kind
To call me the likeneſs of your empty mind.
'Tis a piece of good nature I ne'er ſhall forget,
And for which I ſhall always be much in your debt.
And, now, as the wiſe from a friend take a hint,
Burn much of your nonſenſe before it's in print.
If you cannot write better, then lay down your pen,
Recover your brains—I may talk to you then.
But if you have ſenſe and will have us to know it,
Go meaſure your triangles, there you may ſhew it,
For 'tis plain as your Euclid, you'll ne'er be a poet.

THE ARABIAN SPY.

BALTIMORE, *June* 1807.

Honoured Hashem;

I have been ſtruck, my friend, with a radical error in the management of children in this country. I have remarked that almoſt all their paſtimes and ſports are extremely trifling; thoſe gymnaſtic exerciſes, which promote the health of the body in ſo remarkable a degree, are laid aſide for a kind of toyiſh amuſement, which enervates and is productive of idle habits. This, I am told, is more particularly ſo in the cities: in the country, it is ſaid, the exerciſes of boys are ſomewhat more manly. I cannot ſee, for my own part, how an active and vigorous generation can be raiſed, when the children are thus neglected. And thou wilt marvel, O Haſhem! when I tell thee, that the paſtimes of youth in this country are not regulated by law, nor controlled by the interference of parents! Surely they would be worthy of notice from the law-givers; and deſerve, in a peculiar manner, the attention of fathers of families. I have ſomething of importance on hand at this moment, which compels me to be brief—but not the less thy friend.

ZEIDEB.

FOR THE SPECTACLES.

The author of the "Communication" in the Spectacles of Saturday laſt, tenders his compliments to Mrs. Wilmot, and begs leave to remark, that as no *miſtatement* was therein made, no recantation can ſucceed. He was not quite ſo *bold* as to aſſert an untruth when detection was ſo palpable. He ſimply ſaid, what Mrs. W. has ſubſtantiated, that he *underſtood* that he (Mrs. W.) was *willing*, or as ſhe expreſſes it, "would have been *proud* to have appeared again before the Baltimore audience." Surely no perſon who had read the paragraph alluded to, could interpret "*willing* to *receive*," into an *actual application for*, an engagement. The writer would participate warmly in the regret which Mrs. W. expreſſes, were he conſcious of having made *her*, or of being *individually* the mean of caſting unjuſt cenſure upon another. The fact and the intention he equally diſclaims. As to the rules of the theatre, the writer *may* underſtand them, (at leaſt in this reſpect) as well as Mrs. W. He was aware, that no engagement would take place *during* the benefits—but he had been informed, that two *managers' nights* intervened between the common benefits and the 10th of June: on which two nights (or if only one) the managers ſurely could experience no loſs by the "adventitious aid" of Mrs. Wilmot.

The concluſion drawn in the laſt paragraph of the "Card," "that the aſſertions againſt Mrs. W. of the theatre, are unfounded, *as* oppoſition could not exiſt where application had not been made," is incorrect—becauſe we know that oppoſition in the caſe alluded to, *can, did,* and *does exiſt, bating* the application.

So much for the "Card." As to the view which the writer had in publiſhing the communication which appeared in the Speetacles of Saturday laſt, he diſclaims any other than that of a deſire to excite in the breaſts of the public, a conſciouſneſs of their own prerogatives...to arouſe them from that mental apathy, which enervates the judgment, and renders it equally paſſive to the broad grimaces of low buffoonery as to the fineſt touches of a chaſte conception...and who ſees with unconcern, their privileges uſurped by thoſe, whoſe exiſtence, in a meaſure, depends on their bounty. Laſtly, to obtain a particular gratification, in once more witneſſing thoſe faſcinating powers, which have beguiled him of many an hour.---Adieu.

S.

*** Publishers of LITERARY WORKS at a distance are requested to exchange regularly.

The following was extracted from an English paper 50 years ago. A solution is desired:

"A farmer in the North of England proposed a question to his three daughters, which if they could solve, he promiſed them their patrimony, and to be given in marriage:

"He sent them with some choice fruit to market:

To the eldest he gave	13
To the next he gave	12
To the youngest he gave	11

They were each to sell at the same price, and if the market roſe, they were all to riſe in their price alike and to bring home money equal.

MARRIED,

On the 2d inſtant, Mr. *Samuel G. Griffith*, to Miss *Mary Leypold.*

On the 21st ult. Mr. *Charles Baker* to Miss *Mary Coleman.*

Same evening, Mr. *Thomas Robinson*, to Miss *Sally Dickenson.*

Same evening, in Fredericktown, Mr. *Adam Zeiler*, to Miss *Rebecca Levy.*

*** A new Carrier has been procured for the Fell's Point section of the city; and the publiſher of the *Spectacles* flatters himſelf that the ſubſcribers reſiding there will be punctually ſerved for the future.

Correſpondents, and thoſe who wiſh to become ſuch, are reſpectfully informed that a LETTER-BOX is now affixed to the door of the houſe where the printing-office of the Spectacles is kept. It is ſo contrived, that the graveſt and the gayeſt, the moſt ſarcaſtic and the moſt witty productions, may all be thruſt into it together, without the leaſt fear of their *falling out.*

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